Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in Rome.
Demetrius. By this our mother is for euer ſhamde.
Chiron. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foule eſcape.
Nurſe. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chiron. I bluſh to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron. VVhy ther's the Priuiledge your beautie bears:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betraie with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of thy hart:
Her's a young Lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke ſlaue ſmiles vpon the father,
As who ſhould ſay, olde Lad I am thine owne.
Hee is your brother Lords, ſenſiblie fed
Of that ſelfe bloud that firſt gaue life to you,
And from your wombe where you impriſoned were,
Hee is infraunchiſed, and come to light:
Nay hee is your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeale be ſtamped in his face.
Nurſe. *Aron*, what ſhall I ſay vnto the Empreſſe?
Demetrius. Aduiſe thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy aduiſe:
Saue thou the childe, ſo wee may all be ſafe.
Aron. Then ſit we downe and let vs all conſult,
My ſonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleaſure of your ſafetie.
Demetrius. How many women ſaw this childe of his?
Aron. why ſo braue Lords, when we ioine in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the Moore,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lioneſſe,
The Ocean ſwels not ſo as Aron ſtormes:
But ſaie againe, how manie ſaw the childe?
Nurſe. *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my ſelfe,
And no one els but the deliuered Empreſſe.
Aron. The Empreſſe, the Midwife, and your ſelfe,
Two may keepe counſell when the third's away:
Goe to the Empreſſe, tell her this I ſaid. *He kils her.*

weeke,

VVeeke, weeke, ſo cri
Deme, what meanſt th
Aron. O Lord ſir, tis a
Shall ſhee liue to betrai
A long tongude bablin
And now be it knowne
Not farre, one *Muliteu*
His wife but yeſternigh
His childe is like to her
Goe packe with him, a
And tell them both, the
And how by this their
And be receiued for the
And ſubſtituted in the
To calme this tempeſt w
And let the Emperour
Harke yee Lords, you
And you muſt needs be
The fields are neere, and
This done, ſee that you
But ſend the Midwife p
The Midwife and the N
Then let the Ladies tat
Chi. *Aron*, I ſee thou
Demetrius. For this
Her ſelfe, and hers, are h
Aron. Now to the *G*
There to diſpoſe this tr
And ſecretlie to greete t
Come on you thicke-lip
For it is you that puts vs
Ile make you feede on b
And feede on curds and
And cabbin in a Caue, a
To be a warriour and co